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*Edited by J. Nicholson-Smith.*

*Publishers: The Sanctuary Press, No. 3, Amen Corner, Paternoster Row, E.C.*

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Vol. III, No. 34.

September 17th, 1909.

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### Reflections.

By 'THE RAVEN.'

#### Our Rustic Criticisms.

ONE looks round sometimes, in a hurried life, and sees some strange things. Often we read strange things too.

I suppose it has often struck the reader that the provinces, with their critics, occupy a curious and nameless position.

It has been my fortune, or misfortune, to note that whatever town you visit you will find, outside London, every critic cognizant of the merits and accomplishments of every composer who lives in that city. This is itself as it should be, and a thing of joy—because you only have to move out of the buoyant life of London to discover yourself a very great composer or artist indeed. This is so, if you have not snubbed, or 'offended,' the said critic. If you ever do the latter office, you may as well come to London, or go to Germany, for all the good you will do in that same town at your work, for the rest of your natural life.

This sounds strange, doubtless, but I ask any reader distraught to go and buy any provincial paper he likes, at the present epoch, and scan the many merits of the local lights, according to the fulminating journalese set forth by the diligent penman, and he will find nothing but praise! Of course, it bears the aspect of a friendly yarn—no doubt it is not possible to avoid these critics as personal friends, and giving suppers and other delectable morsels to a starving journalist. He blesses you in your work, and writes 'articles'

about your wonderful hobbies. It is to be regretted he never mentions the vices, which are many, amongst us all!

It is curious to thus chronicle the vapid state of the glorious provincial life—but I am 'fed up' with the reading of the great and moving spectacle the critic manfully flogs so often, even in London journals sometimes.

We all know the provinces are the backbone of dear old England, we have yet to learn that the third-rate quantities in art, which often dwell therein are helping the old country to a fit and right issue.

Of course they are doing nothing of the kind, but it is as well to blind ourselves, sometimes, to the actual state of things!

#### Our pending Operas.

It is frightfully funny to see Covent Garden ploughing on with Algerian, Norwegian, Danish, Japanese, Chinese, Bulgarian, Hungarian, Jewish (a good deal of this), Italian, French, and German lingoes, and doing as well as only Britain can. Meanwhile, with my usual enterprise and energy combined, I, and others, have unearthed some powers in the land, who have still got a little of the feeling for the 'Dear Old Isle' left, to venture upon a propagation, a colossal propaganda indeed, of 'Imperial British Opera'! Yes, indeed! Such brain 'as we can find in Mr. Thomas Beecham and Mr. George Dance is respected by me (and I don't respect much nowadays!)—for he has success as a talisman, which is innocuous to our public; they, and all of us, like success, in whatever department we lavish our abilities, be it in virtue or vice! It was not to be imagined that Old England could sleep for ever, and the public scandal



which is going on at Covent Garden at present, and which has been going on for many years now, is to be, I hope, shown up a trifle to our unobservant public.

Next week, or next year, I have one or two things to say. Meanwhile I leave the 'Rustics' to write more 'appreciations' of their composers. If the 'Rustics' won't oblige, from Birmingham and elsewhere, perhaps the 'Palmer Fund' will place one or two more native items in their British programmes, with the £27,000 they are wasting, such, for instance, as the Wieniawski Violin Concerto in the last programme! What a dear country is Old England! With Mr. H. J. Wood flogging foreign art, to the complete exclusion of our own composers—to mention W. Wallace, F. Delius, Joseph Holbrooke, Cyril Scott, V. Williams, etc., etc., and the London Symphony Orchestra doing even worse—we are a merry throng, yet our London dailies never see these things, they are still mere 'reporters.'

## Characteristics of the Orchestra.

By HENRY F. GOSLING.

**W**HEN listening to a complete orchestra have you ever thought how each instrument appears to have a characteristic or voice peculiar to itself? Let us examine each one separately and see what voices they possess.

As the violin is undoubtedly the king of the orchestra, we will take this noble instrument first. Its cantabile tone; its smooth glissando; the telling power of a sweep of the bow from one end of the string to the other; its weird tremolo; its broad legato; its flute-like harmonies; its crystal staccato; its harp-like chords; the vocal singing of its G string; and the ringing brilliance of its upper register can scarcely be excelled even, perhaps, by the human voice. As the leader it occupies an important position, and to it are given all the principal rôles. Mr. C. L. Graves, in one of his interesting books, says: 'The voice of the violin has been declared to bear much the same relation to the passionless tones of the flute as the voice of a woman to that of a boy.' Wagner carries the violins to beautiful and dreamy heights in the prelude to 'Lohengrin.' In fact this composer expects such wonderful results from them that in some passages in his compositions it is almost impossible, technically, even for experienced players, to perform them individually, and it is only *en masse* that the desired effects are obtained.

That which ranks next as a member of the string family is the viola. Many people

appear to look with disdain upon this instrument as an inferior to its brother the violin, but, to my mind, it is one of the most lovable in the orchestra, having a veiled kind of beauty, not brilliant like the violin, but much nearer approaching the human voice than that instrument. It has a certain sorrowful and pathetic sound, its tone being a great deal more penetrating than that of the violin. To appreciate its beauty one has only to hear Mendelssohn's use of the viola, with most telling effect in the air 'Lord God of Abraham' in 'Elijah.' Berlioz has recognized its beautiful qualities, and in his 'Harold' Symphony he has written an important part for a solo viola throughout. I should certainly place it as the most human voice of the orchestra.

As a melodic instrument and on a level with the viola is the 'cello; the perfect representative of the cantabile or singing style. One of the greatest mistakes, to my mind, of our accomplished 'cellists is the neglect in solos of the lower register of this instrument. The majority of our celebrated performers seem to copy the violin on the 'cello, that is to say, the higher they can attain on their instruments the greater satisfaction it appears to give them. Why should this be so? Personally, I prefer the 'cello in its natural compass, and not as a poor imitation of the violin. One of our greatest performers is said to amuse himself at home by playing Paganini's violin concertos on the 'cello! It is said that Bottisini, the celebrated double-bass player, was wont to imitate the violin on his instrument, which, by-the-bye, was not really a true double-bass but about half-way in size between it and the 'cello.

A most telling effect is pizzicato on this instrument, as the longer strings have more power in vibrating, but as a solo instrument the 'cello is one of the most important in the orchestra. Its lower notes sound very beautiful, as for example, in the second act of 'Lohengrin,' and for its high compass one of the most effective compositions is the celebrated opening of Rossini's overture to 'William Tell,' which is scored for five solo 'cellos. Tchaikovsky's 'Symphonie Pathétique,' in the slow movement, is written for 'cellos, who take the most important part of the harmonies. Schubert in his 'Unfinished Symphony' uses the instrument with almost human pathos, and Mendelssohn in the introduction to his 'Hymn of Praise' uses it with a sad and sorrowful effect; therefore it should undoubtedly be placed with the viola as another of the characteristic voices of the orchestra.

Next to the 'cello we turn to the last of the great and powerful string family, the double-bass. Some of our modern composers appear



to use this noble and dignified instrument simply as a filling up in the loud passages. The double-bass generally doubles in the lower octaves the harmony as played by the 'cello. Its pizzicato, how weird, rich and startling, sounding like a drum-tap! Some of the most sublime effects are obtained by the unison of the bass and 'cello. Haydn has realized this, as can be heard in one of his symphonies, that known as the 'Drum.' To hear the wonderful effects obtainable from the double-basses, one should listen to Beethoven's storm of the 'Pastoral' symphony. To hear them in their full effect, however, we should go to the picturesque savagery of the Russian music, where they are greatly used as solo instruments, being also the stout support and bottom of the orchestra, sombre and solid.

Leaving the string orchestra our next group is the wood-wind. The leader of these is the flute or pinnacle of the orchestra. It is one of the most ancient of instruments—dating back to 2000 years B.C. or earlier! Rossini was once asked, 'What is worse than a flute solo?' to which he answered 'Two flutes.' But I think this is unjust, there are players and players. Those who have heard the beautiful duet in Tchaikovsky's 'Casse-Noisette' will admit that a more sweet and melodic effect cannot possibly be heard. Gluck composed some grand music for this instrument in his 'Orpheus.' Mendelssohn's 'Midsummer Night's Dream' and Rossini's 'William Tell' contain splendid passages for the flute, also Haydn's 'Creation' and one of Verdi's Requiems have special effective parts.

Flute playing is generally regarded as the recreation of unskilled amateurs. You cannot blow much soul into the flute; its tone colours are very limited; but its voice in the orchestra is very beautiful in runs, arpeggio, and trills, giving the somewhat effect of running water in certain passages.

As a voice of sorrow and complaint, what can be more pathetic than the oboe? A fine performer can so manipulate his instrument as to convey the impression that it is part of himself, and that he breathes his own emotions into it. Its tone is very penetrating and of a very reedy quality, so much so, that in the olden days a small piece of tow was inserted into the bell of the instrument to deaden its tone. It has always been a favourite solo instrument with the celebrated composers. Beethoven in his 'Eroica' and 'Pastoral' symphonies gives a very important part to the oboes. Schubert is overpowering in the beauty of his passages for this instrument.

Sister to the oboe is the cor-anglais, or tenor oboe. In pitch it is lower than the oboe and

has rather a deep and nasal voice, lending a romantic charm to the orchestra. The old composers seldom used this instrument, but the majority of our modern ones have recognized its value. Rossini uses it in his 'William Tell' overture, Berlioz in his 'Faust,' Wagner in the death scene of 'Tristan und Isolde,' etc.

That which is closely associated with the oboe and the cor-anglais is the clarinet, whose characteristic is that of consolation and persuasion. It is much more human in its effects than the flute, and its lower register is very much like the 'cello. When the two are played in unison a most charming effect is obtained.

Brahms and Schubert knew the wonderful results obtainable from this instrument, giving the most coaxing and loving tones, also the most weird, wild, and unearthly screams.

Its companion the bass-clarinet is more sombre, and one of the most beautiful uses of this instrument is to be heard in that most dramatic of music, Wagner's 'Tristan und Isolde.'

The bass or foundation of the wood-wind or reed family is the bassoon. The gentleman who commenced to learn that pompous instrument and was asked if he kept a cow or a donkey, was not, I am afraid, a very good compliment for the bassoon. Many people appear to look upon this instrument as one which is only to be heard in a ridiculous or humorous part. It can certainly be humorous, but also, if occasion require, can be made to produce the most impressive and pathetic effects, and if properly used, appears to bind the orchestra together. Beethoven, Mozart, and Haydn could see the beauty of the bassoon, and availed themselves accordingly. therefore it is unjust to regard it only as an instrument of mirth.

Sublime, noble, and heroic, the trumpet stands out in the orchestra. Unfortunately, in many small orchestras this grand instrument is superseded by the cornet, whose vulgar and brazen voice seems to try and assert itself over the whole. It certainly has a very vulgar and brazen voice and is really only endurable in a tutti, but as it is often impossible to obtain a trumpet in a small orchestra, we have to bear with its many faults. Again, on account of the incomplete scale of the trumpet, it is almost impossible to obtain some of the passages with facility which our modern composers write. A stirring solo is written for the trumpet in the overture to Auber's 'Fra Diavolo.' Again I quote from one of my favourite overtures, 'William Tell.' Here in the march movement the trumpets are used with soul-stirring

effect. Weber uses them in 'Euryanthe,' Wagner in 'Tannhäuser' and 'Lohengrin.' In the second act of the latter opera twelve are used.

The cornet is not, however, without its uses in the orchestra. Gounod and Meyerbeer use it with very fine effect in some of their compositions, but the ideal of the brass brotherhood is the trombone. This most natural of all instruments has a solemn, dignified, and martial sound. Its splendid tones recommended it to Gluck, Mozart, Schubert, and Mendelssohn, and of modern composers, Tchaikovsky. The latter has used it with horrific effect in the noisy '1812' overture, but it can be played as softly and sweetly as the horn, and on the other hand, a good player can, with a blast, make you clap your hand on your head and wish you were very far removed from his neighbourhood. Again, the trombone is not simply an instrument of noise, though some of our modern composers are apt to write for it as such. Berlioz employs its lower notes as a sustained pedal bass in his 'Faust,' but it is very seldom used for this purpose. Trombones playing chords piano have a most beautiful sound. Schubert used them lavishly in several of his great compositions, as for example in the first Entracte to 'Rosamunde,' which contains beautiful parts for these instruments. It is especially effective in soft passages, sounding like the voice of mystery and tragedy. Wagner in 'Lohengrin' uses them in their full power.

The voice of love and all that is poetical is the dove-like tones of the horn, its sublimeness in passages of a melancholy description being most endearing. Those who have heard the overture to Weber's 'Oberon' will, no doubt, remember the grand opening for this instrument. Mendelssohn has written some very effective music for it in his 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' notably the 'Notturmo.' Rossini's overture to 'Semiramide' contains a series of passages, also Beethoven's 'Pastoral' Symphony, and the opera of 'William Tell.' A most weird effect is heard on the horns, against the pizzicato of the strings, in Gounod's 'Faust.' Haydn has given it a most joyous character in his 'La Chasse' Symphony.

Leaving the horn we come to the last of the brass fraternity, the bass-tuba, or the double-bass of the brass. It is a large instrument derived from the bombardon, resembling it in appearance, and furnished with valves which give it an extensive compass in the bass. It blends admirably with the other brass instruments, but being only really an addition to the

orchestra it is not absolutely necessary. Tchaikovsky uses it in his 'Symphony Pathétique,' also Wagner in his works. Sustained notes have a very menacing and dramatic effect, especially when blended with the orchestra in the solo parts of tragic music.

The last two voices are the harp and the drum. The former is undoubtedly the weakest for its size in the orchestra, yet it can be said to sound like the voices of fairies or the moaning of the gentle summer breeze. Berlioz has written a part for it in his 'Faust,' also Schubert in 'The Magic Harp.' Wagner in one of his operas has a part for six.

Our last voice is the drum, which is not simply an instrument of noise, which only requires to be banged. If properly played and used, the most beautiful and wonderful effects can be obtained, giving forth the sound of thunder and rage, or the most gentle sounds like the soft diapason notes of the organ.

Some of our modern composers appear to use it only as an instrument for creating as much noise as possible. Beethoven was the first to recognise the value of the drum. There is nothing annoys me more than to see a performer at the drums smashing and crashing as if he intended to go through the skins and knock the bottoms out. It is, as I have just said, not always the fault of the performer, but the composer, who, to create an effect, uses the drums like a showman. To what beautiful use the drum can be put, one need only look at some of the scores of the old masters and see by what simple means the most beautiful effects are obtained, in Beethoven's works especially.

In this short article I have only briefly touched upon some of the well-known instruments, therefore to class them with their respective characteristics or voices, I append the following list:—

Violin	...	King
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Flute	...	Running brook
Oboe	...	Sorrow and complaint
Clarinet	...	Consolation
Bassoon	...	Stately and humorous
Trumpet	...	Heroic and triumphant
Cornet	...	Artificial (but useful)
Horn	...	Dove-like and affectionate
Trombone	...	Majestic and horrific
Bass Tuba	...	Dramatic and menacing
Harp	...	Fairies and summer breezes
Drums	...	Thunder and mystery

In some future articles I hope to speak about the Orchestral Conductor and the Orchestral Player.



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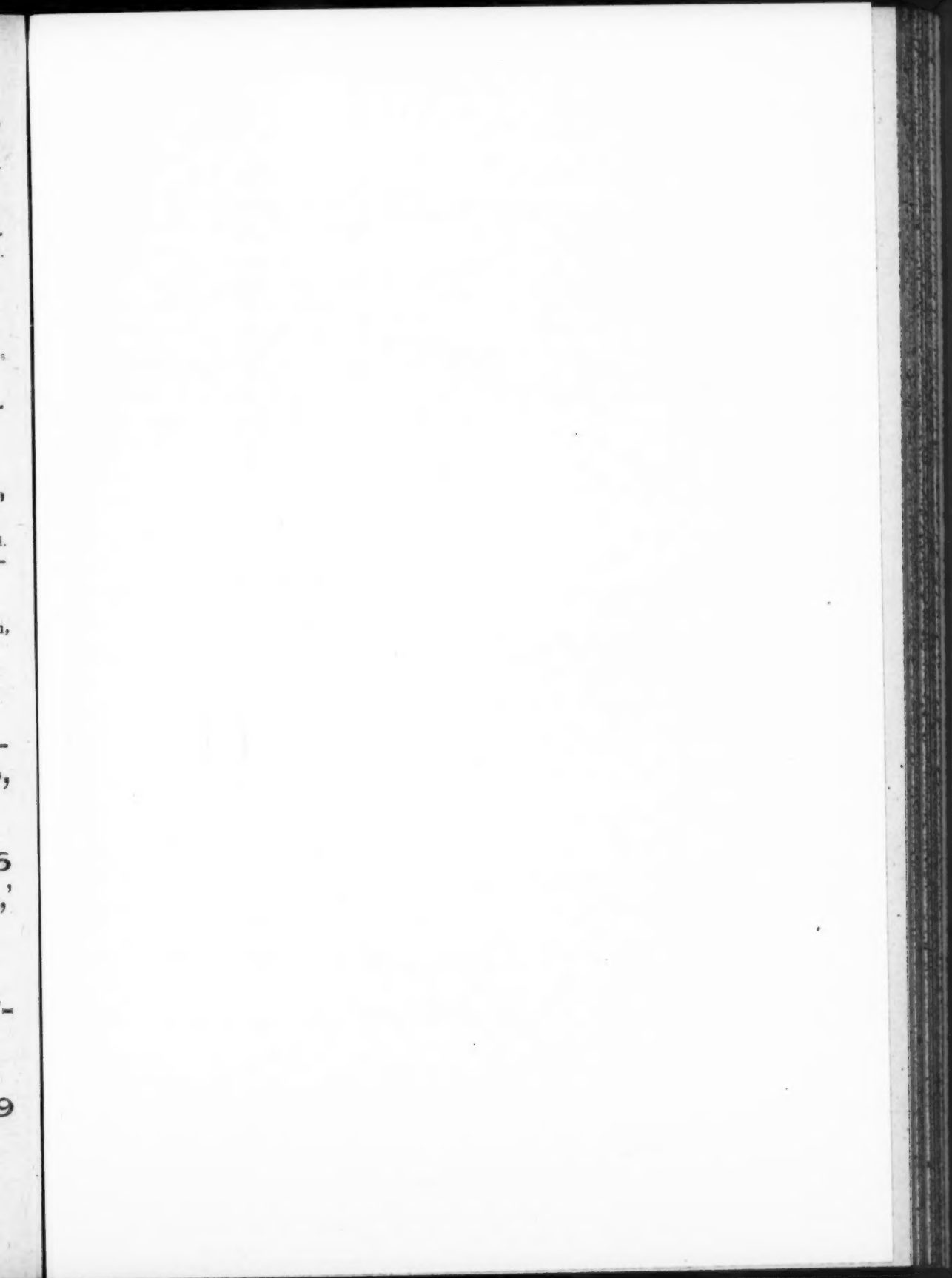
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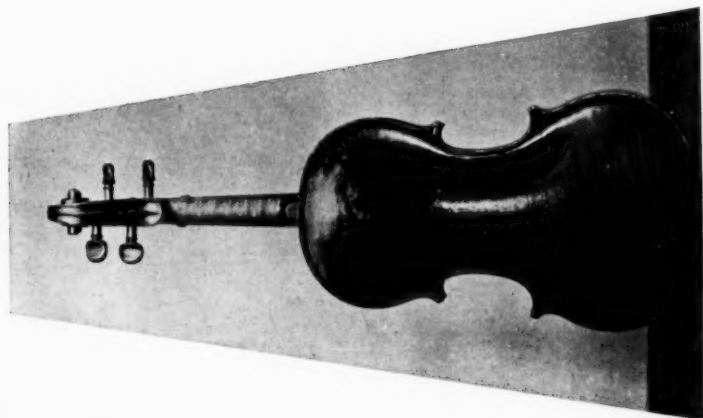
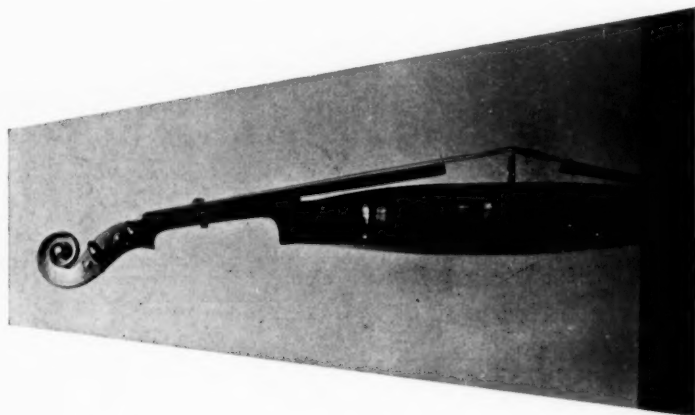
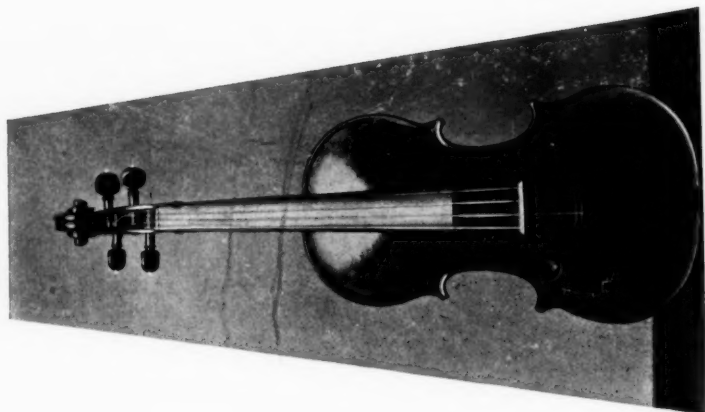
**ROBERT BEACON.**

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The Sanctuary Press, 3, Amen Corner, E.C.







THE 'BETT'S' STRADIVARIUS.

## 'The Violinist.'

### The 'Bett's' Stradivarius.

By REV. A. WILLAN.

THE violin known as the 'Bett's' Stradivarius, is justly regarded as one of the finest productions of this renowned maker. It was referred to in a previous article as being evidently an evolution from the Grand Amati; but this is only one of the many points which call for consideration in this notable instrument. As compared with the Amati, its general appearance of strength and solidity is at once apparent. There is a feminine grace and beauty in the Amati, which gives place to a more robust and masculine appearance in the Stradivarius. This change also carries with it a corresponding alteration in the tone; and it is evident beyond all doubt, that the end in view was to combine the pure soprano quality of the Amati, with a more powerful and expansive tone.

This violin is fully 14 inches in length, and all the other measurements are of like proportion. In the arching of the back and belly, the side grooving of the Amati almost disappears, and the model makes a near approach to springing upwards at once from the line of purfling, a form now recognised as conducive to power and volume of tone. The outline of this violin has never failed to excite admiration, and we look in vain for any fault in the general design of an instrument which has always been considered to stand unrivalled for beauty of form. The sound holes are remarkably fine, and are well suited to the instrument, both as to their design, and the position in which they are placed. The scroll must be classed amongst the finest efforts of Stradivarius. It is perfect in proportion, bold in style, as befits the instrument to which it belongs, and possesses at the same time, that inimitable grace and beauty which we find only in the scrolls of Stradivarius.

The varnish of this violin is of a light red colour, and though beautifully soft and delicate, is less brilliant than that of some other notable instruments. It is somewhat broken up on the back, and it is the opinion of some connoisseurs that Stradivarius broke up the varnish on the back of some of his finest violins, to add to their picturesque appearance, and that it has this effect is undoubted.

The illustrations here given, are sufficient to give a very perfect idea of the general appearance of this violin in all points except

that of colour. However perfect photographic representations of a violin may be, a very different impression is created when the instrument itself is taken in hand. If we are unable to reproduce the Cremona varnish with all its beautiful qualities on modern violins, still less are we able faithfully to represent it on paper; and in the attempts hitherto made, the colour is generally much too crude. The three coloured illustrations by Mr. Alfred Slocombe, of the 'Dumas' Maggini, in Messrs. W. E. Hill's monograph on Gid Paolo Maggini, may, however, be referred to as representing very closely the texture and softness of the Italian varnish.

This violin has that fresh and new appearance which is so attractive to the connoisseur. This newness of appearance in some of the Italian violins, has sometimes been the cause of doubt as to their genuineness; and it is supposed that the unknown person who disposed of this violin to Mr. Betts for the sum of twenty shillings, may have thought that he was dealing with a new French copy.

If a reputed violin is not the work of the maker whose name it bears, the want of authenticity is discovered sooner or later; but the lapse of time tends only to strengthen the conviction of all competent judges as to the authorship of the 'Bett's' Stradivarius.

## 'The Cremona.'

### Notatu Dignum.

The Annual Subscription to the 'The Cremona,' for the United Kingdom, is Two Shillings and Sixpence, post free. All subscriptions should be sent to

'The Sanctuary Press,'

No. 3, Amen Corner, Paternoster Row, E.C.

All manuscripts or letters intended for consideration by the Editor, should be written on one side of the paper only, and addressed to J. NICHOLSON SMITH.

All cheques and postal orders should be made payable to 'The Sanctuary Press,' and crossed ' & Co.'

The Proprietors and Editor welcome criticisms and articles on controversial subjects, but do not hold themselves responsible in any way for the opinions expressed, the responsibility remaining solely with the writers.

All copy, advertisements, notices or alterations must reach us not later than the 7th of each month.

## Editorial.

WE would again ask our readers to kindly note our change of residence to

No. 3, Amen Corner,

Paternoster Row, E.C.

### A New Postal Music Wrapper.

The 'Udoit' wrappers, produced by C. G. Roder, Ltd, have a patent attachment or



arrangement used for opening them. The great point about the 'Udoit' wrapper is, that it is impossible for it to fail, the fact of it being sewn renders it impossible for the paper not to be separated from end to end. You merely pull the thread on the left hand side, and it cuts through the perforations, never failing in a single instance. This is a great convenience to those receiving parcels, and we are sure that all our readers will appreciate this, the most important point.

### New Postcards.

Messrs. Breitkopf & Härtel are to be congratulated on the new and beautiful series of photo postcards of monuments and memorials all over the world to the great musicians. We give a list of the first issue, which, we understand, is to be continued. The price of each card is 2d., postage extra.

#### MONUMENTS.

Bach, J. Seb. (Eisenach)  
 " " (Leipzig)  
 Beethoven, L. van (Berlin)  
 " " (Bonn)  
 " " (Vienna)  
 Bellini, Vinc. (Catania)  
 Berlioz, H. (Côté St André)  
 Boieldieu, Fr. A. (Rouen)  
 Brahms, Joh. (Vienna)  
 Bruckner, A. (Vienna)  
 Bull, Ole (Bergen)  
 Chopin, Fr. (Paris)  
 Franck, Cesar (Paris)  
 Gounod, Ch. (Paris)  
 Gretry, A. E. M. (Liège)  
 Haydn, Jos. (Berlin)  
 " " (Vienna)  
 Liszt, Fr. (Weimar)  
 Loewe, C. (Stettin)  
 Lortzing, G. A. (Berlin)  
 Marschner (Hannover)  
 Mendelssohn F. (Leipzig)  
 Mozart, W. A. (Salzburg)  
 " " (Vienna)  
 Schubert, Fr. (Vienna)  
 Wagner, R. (Berlin)  
 Weber, C. M. von (Dresden)  
 " " (Eutin)

#### MEMORIALS.

Beethoven, L. van (Vienna)  
 Bellini, Vinc. (Catania)  
 Borodine, A. (St. Petersburg)  
 Brahms, Joh. (Vienna)  
 Cherubini, L. (Florence)  
 Handel, G. F. (London, Westminster Abbey)  
 Lassen, Ed. (Weimar)  
 Millöcker, C. (Vienna)  
 Moussorgsky, M. (St. Petersburg)  
 Mozart, W. A. (Vienna)  
 Rossini (Florence)  
 Schubert, Fr. (Vienna)  
 Schumann, Rob. (Bonn)  
 Strauss, Joh. (Vienna)  
 Verdi, G. (Milan)  
 Verdi's Wife (Milan)  
 Wolf, Hugo (Vienna)

## Home Music Study Union.

SIR,—As the winter season is again approaching will you permit me to call the attention of your readers to the work of the above Union?

These are days of abundant opportunity in every branch of musical education, except one, and that perhaps the most important of all.

It is now made easy for people, to acquire ability in performance, theoretical instruction too may be obtained from an abundance of teachers and of text books, but comparatively little is done to increase the intelligent appreciation of music amongst performers and listeners, and to form taste. This is the special work for which our Union exists.

I will not occupy your space by a long description of the means we adopt to fulfil our objects, but will only say that they are so designed as to be serviceable to all groups of music-lovers, from the advanced performer to the humble listener.

The Courses for Session 1909-10 are as follows:—

No. 1 founded on Sir Hubert Parry's 'Studies of Great Composers' (special cheap edition issued to members).

No. 2 'The Romantic in Music.'

No. 3 'Wagner.'

We are now in our third year of working, and the value of our scheme may be gauged, to some extent, by the readiness with which help has been given us by many well-known musicians.

Our President is Mr. W. H. Hadow; our Vice-Presidents, the Rev. Dr. J. B. Paton and Dr. Arthur Somervelle.

For the guidance of our members we issue to them a monthly journal 'The Music Student,' edited by Mr. Percy A. Scholes, Mus.B., under the direction of an Editorial Committee consisting of Dr. E. C. Bairstow, Mr. H. A. Fricker, Mus.B., and Mr. J. T. Hoggett, Mus.B.

Amongst those who have kindly written or promised articles for the coming season are Mr. Herbert Attercliffe, Mr. Rutland Boughton, Mr. Frank Kidson, Dr. C. H. Kitson, Dr. E. Markham Lee, Mr. Montague Nathan, Dr. Ernest Walker, Dr. R. Vaughan Williams, and Mr. Stanley Wise. A copy of this paper, which competes with no other musical journal, but offers guidance of a very special and direct character to members taking any of our 'Courses,' will gladly be sent on receipt of two stamps; and to any of your readers sending a stamped directed envelope a circular, giving full particulars of the Union's methods, will be posted. The address of the Union is 12, York Buildings, Adelphi, London, and letters should be addressed to Miss A. M. Read, and marked H. M. S. U. A special circular on the work of the Union in Secondary Schools, etc., may be had in the same way.

Thanking you in anticipation of your help in making the work of our Union known,

I remain, Sir,

Yours faithfully,

J. E. LAWRENCE,

(Hon. General Secretary.)

63, Grange Avenue,  
 Leeds.

## The Heart of Nature.

'Cuckoo!' he calls again and yet again,  
My ears grow weary of the endless strain,  
Why must he utter still the old refrain?  
    'Cuckoo! cuckoo!'

The thunder clouds hang low o'er all the hills,  
A dreamy languorous calm my spirit fills,  
Far off I hear the tinkling of the rills  
    In music low.

Knee deep in flow'ring grass the cattle stand,  
For now full summer holds and fills the land,  
My spirit hears waves break on pebbly strand  
    In mystic tone.

I hear the murmuring of many bees,  
I hear the low sweet whisp'ring of the trees,  
Swaying so gently in the fitful breeze  
    With rhythmic grace.

Blue are the rifts between the scudding cloud,  
The heart of Nature seems to sing aloud,  
And in deep adoration to be bowed  
    Before her God.      E. A. HILL.

## The Romance of Queen Elizabeth's Violin.

By OLGA RACSTER.

(Concluded from page 101).

The end of the week that marked Alençon's departure, found Greenwich and its neighbourhood bathed in the rays of a generous sun. In the park the Queen was taking a stroll with a couple of her ladies-in-waiting. By her Majesty's side was a magnificent Italian greyhound. The graceful beast had been recently presented to her by Catherine de Medici. It rubbed its nose against her with the fearsome pleading of a doe, and when she caressed it, fawned before her in mad gratefulness. The dog's antics, seemed to amuse the Queen, and diverted her thoughts to the extent, that she did not notice—as did her ladies-in-waiting—the dusty rider who galloped with all speed towards her, until the patter of his horse's hoofs aroused her. He had been making straight for the Palace, but seeing the Queen in the park, he had quickly turned his horse's head towards her. When he arrived within a few paces of her, the dusty rider dismounted and dropping upon one knee before her, handed her something enveloped in rich wrappings.

'From the Duke'—he said in a hurried half whisper.

The Queen took it from his hands without a word. A pleasurable excitement spread over her face instantly. She looked at the

thing meditatively smiling, and, there being a convenient seat near by, she sat down and busied herself in pulling aside the rich coverings that hid Alençon's present from view.

Yes! beshrew her, if the Prince had not sent her the pledge she had demanded! How enchanting, how delightful! Here indeed was the beautiful violin. So, Alençon was still a victim to her charms! Well, well, poor fellow, no doubt he would come and sue for her favour again. She turned to call her ladies-in-waiting to show them Alençon's present, when her eyes lighted with some surprise upon a second dusty horseman, who also came galloping towards her. Truly it was a morning of surprises! Could this still be another messenger from her forlorn lover? What could be nicer? On came the rider, and when he drew near she found him to be haughty in bearing, with white patrician hands and a raised ambitious head. Striding his horse with easy grace, he too rode up to within a few paces of the Queen, and dismounted at the very moment that she contemplated the little parchment packet so temptingly attached round the dragon's neck.

The stranger rushed to her in agitation: 'I do beseech your Majesty not to touch that packet,' he implored.

'Dudley!' exclaimed the astonished Queen. 'What brings thee here?' She looked at his soiled clothes with distaste. She detested the spectacle of fatigue and dust he presented. His very boots seem to smell unpleasantly.

'I come your Majesty to—to—save your life,' he blurted out.

'Merciful heavens!' Elizabeth started back. In a moment the terror of assassination was upon her. She looked quickly about her. From whence could the unseen horror come?

'Where? Who?' she asked, her voice thick with fear.

'Death lurks in that packet,' said Leicester touching the harmless looking piece of folded parchment nestling upon Alençon's violin.

'Here,' Elizabeth said, slowly touching the violin as she spoke.

'Here, Dudley?' she reiterated incredulously.

Then her shrewd perception came to her aid, assuaging some of her terror. A twinkle of understanding crept into her small bright eyes. Of course this was only one of poor Dudley's fits of jealousy!

'My Lord,' she said, turning sharply upon him, 'you do speak and take attitude like a play actor. Prithee ape not their antics.—Death in this small packet sent me by Monsieur? Tut, tut!'

'Yes! death, death, death!'—cried Leicester

as he saw the Queen's fingers hover inquisitively over it. 'Let but the poison enclosed therein touch thy fingers, let it touch thy nostrils or thy lips, and thou can'st not live a moment. Oh! your Majesty I do beseech you, I do implore you, have a care!'

Again Elizabeth drew back a little. Leicester seemed so earnest she was half inclined to believe him. But her dignity asserted itself. The love-sick Alençon commit such treason? Fie! He was far too enamoured of her.

'My Lord, we cannot, indeed it would not be wise, to attach importance to the words of one who has decried the French Prince for so long as thou!' And then with rousing suspicion: 'And pray, sir, now you have accused the French Prince of attempting our life how came you by the knowledge?'

'Faith your Majesty, without his knowledge, I was standing near the man when he dropped the powder into the packet.'

'Good, my Lord!' angrily, 'and thou did'st let the villain commit the foul deed without check. Fie upon thee for a coward! I doubt thy words, I doubt thy honest purpose!'

Leicester knew from experience that the best way to weather his royal mistress's angry storms lay in silence. Yet, when she again touched the packet he reiterated his words of caution.

'Tut! My Lord! Enough!' said the petulant Queen, 'we will open the packet, and thou can'st go, for we have no further need of thee!'

But still he lingered watching her, until the Queen gave way to a wild gust of passion.

'Wilt thou persist in pestering me, thou hound!' she shrieked. 'Get thee gone, I tell thee, or thou shalt return to Greenwich Tower, and cool thy jealous anger in a dungeon!'

'The packet,' was all Leicester could say. His face was white and twitching now.

'The packet, the packet, murmured the Queen in a paroxysm of rage, 'there's the packet,' she cried, suddenly flinging it at him. 'Open it thyself!' Then as he picked it up and hesitated again: 'Open it!' she cried loudly. 'Open it, we command thee, Dost thou imagine, thou vile deceiver, that thou can'st breed danger and spread calumny without their progeny finding thee out. Open the packet or thou shalt be whipped like a country lout!'

Now, utterly powerless to refuse, Leicester was compelled to face the danger he had created. With shaking fingers, and the Queen's lynx eyes fixed upon him, glaring merciless, he fumbled with the folded packet, while in strange contrast, the graceful Italian

hound, fawned about him, begging for what it conceived to be a dainty morsel.

My Lord of Leicester's courage sank to its lowest depths. The stormy billows were raising their crested heads threateningly at him with vengeful intent and no mistake. Must he perish? Should he fall on his knees and confess what he had done! Heavens! he had a terror of death. Quite suddenly his frightened eyes lighted on the beautiful animal that jumped and frolicked in the sunlight. It fixed its beautiful pleading timid eyes upon him, and Leicester—quick as a flash—suddenly threw the half open packet to the supplicating creature. The dog full of life and grace bounded after the parchment in mad delight. It seized it in its mouth, tossed it triumphantly in the air; nosed it, shook it. A moment after the poor delicate beast fell over on its side gasping, with the glaze of death already stealing over its eyes.

'Oh villainy, treachery,' said the Queen trembling in every limb. 'Thou hath killed the good beast! Dudley, Dudley, what venomous creature did thus plot to kill us?'

But, there was no need for Leicester to reply. An inward voice hammered at her brain, at her heart, at her ears: 'This is Alençon's pledge! The pledge thou did'st ask of the French Prince! Alençon's pledge—pledge—pledge!'

She fell upon the seat, covering her face with her hands. 'Alençon's pledge is with you,' the voice shrieked in her brain! Then her dress brushed against the violin lying there beside her, and the touch made the strings vibrate in a sighing whisper. 'I am Alençon's pledge,' it seemed to say, and she pushed it roughly from her. Surely the thing was cursed! She could not bear the sight of it. She must get away from it. And all at once the tears streamed down her face. So she sobbed for a moment giving way to nature's tender bathing of her wounds.

Presently she put out her hand to Leicester who knelt and kissed it.

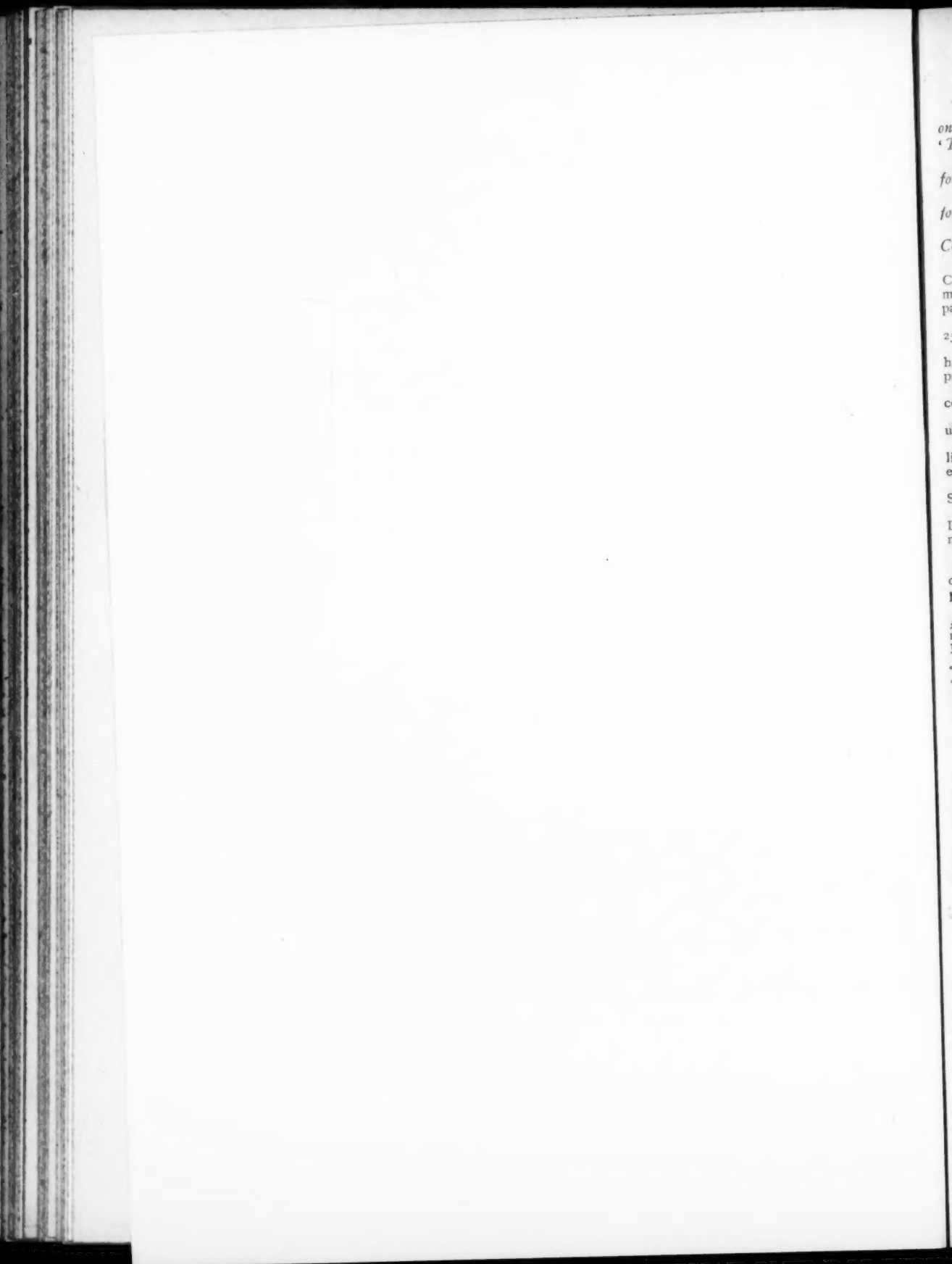
'Dudley,' she said through her drying tears. 'Thou hath saved my life! Take this ring, and, keep it in memory of thy Sovereign's good thought of thee! Thou hast pleased me greatly!' She slipped a ring upon his finger, then summoned her ladies-in-waiting and walked slowly towards the Palace.

And the violin, the mute and beautiful actor in the tragedy? It remained on the seat where the Queen had spurned it. Untouched, unnoticed, neglected, except by My Lord of Leicester. He alone eyed it with a savage gleam of delight. 'Monsieur's violin,' he said with a sardonic grin as he handled it.





The reverse and obverse of medals struck in Belgium, 1587.  
DUC D'ALENÇON.



## Sale or Exchange.

Trade advertisements are inserted in this column on the distinct understanding that they are marked 'Trade.' Charges to—

Our readers, 6d. for 24 words or less, and 1d. for every additional 3 words.

The Trade, 6d. for 12 words or less, and 1d. for every additional 2 words.

Address, The Sanctuary Press, No. 3, Amen Corner, E.C.

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Violin, three-quarter size, old Bavarian, good tone. 25/-. in playing order. Box Q.

Beethoven's Sonatas, violin and piano, bound in half morocco. Halle's edition (no separate fiddle part). 4/-. Box E.

Violin by Lorenzo Guadagnini, superb tone and condition, guaranteed. £350 or near offer. Box F.

An old Italian Violin, purfled one side only, very unusual carved head. £9 9s. Box G.

Double purfled Violin, in case with bow, old English, probably by Forster. Nice quality tone, a fine example. £25. Box H.

Small-sized Viola, old Italian, of the Gagliano School. £20. Box K.

Violoncello, about 1740, in playing order. Made in Lonigo, Italy, by Chiavellati. A collectors specimen, no finer known. £60. Box L.

Three old Violin Scrolls, one possibly Italian. 7/6.

Splendid Italian painting, by F. Guardi (Colnaghi's opinion), of Venice, in original frame. A museum piece. £300. Seen in London. Box N.

High-class Mittenwald Violin, good, improving tone, £2; also beginner's instrument, 7/6; case and bow if required extra. Bailey, 27, Hamilton Road, Harrow, Middlesex.

## Answers to Correspondents.

The Editor will be pleased to answer questions in anyway relating to music, the string world or its personalities. All letters to—The Editor, 'The Cremona,' No. 3, Amen Corner, E.C.

KILROSS.—We do not undertake to give opinions, but would advise your taking your instrument to some expert in the matter, who will give you a professional opinion of value.

AUGMENT.—You ask if there are two sale rooms for violins in London and their terms. Yes, there are two recognized, Puttick & Simpson, and their charge, we believe, is a commission of so much per cent., sold or unsold, and Glendining, they charge 10 per cent. on price realized, or 2/6 only if lot is unsold. Violins are occasionally put up at Christy's and Sotheby's, but this is exceptional, and we expect their terms are the usual ones for all objects of art.

G. JONES.—Labels are useless in instruments, even if genuine, which is not likely. They do not prove that the instrument is by such and such a maker, as often labels have been removed from genuine instruments (which are recognizable to experts without them) and put into others. Then, of course, there are fraudulent imitations or labels too obviously unlike the originals to deceive.

INQUIRER.—Gisalberti is the supposed master of Guarnerius—the great Joseph del Jesu. It has been contended that labels of this maker might mean the pupil, but this view was not upheld in a recent case by the judge, although he stated that he appreciated what the learned counsel suggested. But one thing is certain, that if labels are genuine and mean anything if read in such a way, they would make confusion worse confounded, for we can only go according to common usage.

P.T.—Hart's book is the best authority.

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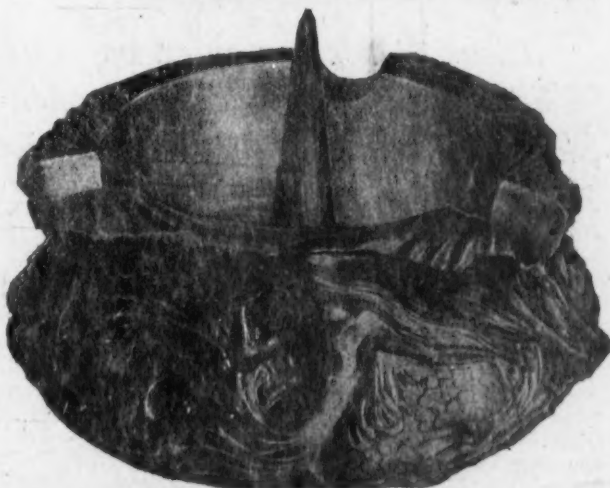
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*Please fill up and return.*

'Monsieur le Duc is now far away from these shores, so I had best take care of thee, thou green eyed dragon, for thou hast done enough mischief and thy fiddling master shall never woo the Queen with thee again!'

So the Fates in their capricious way, flung the winning card into the hand of the most unworthy player. The Queen never questioned what became of 'Alençon's pledge.' And Alençon himself, never returned to claim it. Thus it was that the great Earl of Leicester, becoming reinstated in the Queen's favour, himself took the violin, and one day, when his ambitious heart beat high, in the hope that he would soon gain the Queen's hand as well as her indulgence—ordered that his arms with those of Elizabeth's should be engraved on the brass plate over the peg-box. *Sic eunt fata hominum!*

THE END.

## Slav National Hymns.

By FRANCIS P. MARCHANT.

THE national hymn, as distinguished from the national song, constitutes—or should at least—an embodiment of the religious and loyal feeling of the people. Our 'God save the King' is a patriotic prayer, in contrast with the fiery passion of Rouget de l'Isle's 'Marseillaise,' which strenuously survives and recalls times of sanguinary revolt against pitiless oppression. The German, in 'Die Wacht am Rhein,' elevates the duty of defending the fatherland into a religious principle—

Der Deutscher, bieder, fromm und stark,  
Beschützt die heil'ge Landesmark.

The Austrian hymn 'Gott erhalte Franz den Kaiser' breathes a spirit of religious devotion to the person of the sovereign, and Haydn's melody—to which the German sings 'Deutschland, Deutschland über alles'—occupies an honoured place in English hymnals.

The name 'Slav' covers a wide area of 'peoples, nations, and languages.' The word is derived from *slovo* (word) or *slava* (glory); our *slave* is taken from Otho the Great's captives, and the Dutch have *sloeb* (a drudge) and *stooven* (to toil). This is not the place to discuss the philology of the Slavonic languages. Suffice it to say that differences have existed for many centuries, and that brave attempts have been made to construct a universal Slav tongue. The eminent Bohemian author, Rieger, speaking at Moscow, compared the sound of such an artificial language to that of a 'Tsar-bell' founded out of all the Moscow church bells; the tone would be greater, but

charm of harmony and variety would be lacking. The writer has strolled in 'holy mother, white-walled Moscow,' and listened to her myriad church and monastery bells. Politically, each member of the Slavonic family has undergone many vicissitudes, but we must refrain from extended excursions into history and literature, referring students of these to the works of Prof. W. R. Morfill, the Oxford authority.

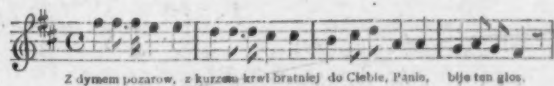
The Russians, numerically and geographically, stand at the head of this group of peoples. Their hymn of six lines, 'Bozhe, Tsaria khrani' ('God save the Tsar') is a fine epitome of the veneration felt for the mighty monarch, 'Reign for our glory, as a terror to the foe, Orthodox Tsar!' The words are by the poet V. A. Zhukovsky, and the melody by General A. Lvov. In singing this hymn, the first three lines are repeated, then the second three are sung in the same manner.

The Little Russians of the Ukraine, who have not forgotten the romantic glories of the old Cossacks (see Gogol's 'Tarass Bulba'), have a hymn in their dialect, 'Sce ne vmerla Ukrajina' ('The Ukraine is not yet dead'). Words by P. Cubinsky, air by M. Verbicky.

Poland, of sorrowful memories, has taught Europe much in different branches of culture. Several dances bear Polish names, and her music is justly admired. There was a time when the country was a power to reckon with, and in the Russian 'time of troubles' a prince from Warsaw reigned for a period at Moscow. It is not surprising that the Polish hymns are in a melancholy key. The tune of 'Jeszcze Polska nie zginela,' German rendering 'Jetzt ist Polen nicht verloren' ('Poland is not yet lost, since we still live') has been adopted by other Slavs. The words and air are by General Wybicky.



The refrain is 'March, march, Dombrowsky,' and Bonaparte, uncertain idol of the Poles, is hailed as an inspiring example. A pathetic prayer is 'Z dymem pożarów, z kurzem krwi bratniej' ('With smoke of fires and blood of brethren'), an appeal to God to vindicate Poland and restore her to favour. Words by K. Ujejsky, music by J. Nikorowicz.

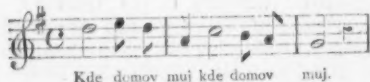


There is another hymn, 'Boze, cos Polske,' a prayer for the restoration of Poland's past glories. Words by A. Felinsky, air by K. Kurpinsky.

The Bohemian national hymn was alluded to in the articles by 'A. R.' on the music of that nationality which we published last year. Mention was made of the little collection of 'Slovanske Hymny' (Simacek, Prague), to which we are indebted for much of the information in this article. A rendering of 'Kde domov muj?' ('Where is my home?'), by Mr. Kohl, is transcribed by Count Lützow, D.Litt., in 'The Story of Prague.'

Where is my house, where is my home?  
Streams among the meadows creeping,  
Brooks from rock to rock are leaping,  
Everywhere bloom spring and flowers  
Within this paradise of ours.

There wilt thou find of Czechs, the honoured race,  
Among the Czechs be aye my dwelling-place.



Kde domov muj kde domov muj.

Words by J. K. Tyl, music by F. Skroup.  
'A. R.'s' concluding article contained our attempt at translation of 'Hej Slovane,' which we have often heard sung at Prague.



Hej Slovane jeste nase slovansky duch zije

Prof. W. R. Morfill quotes a remark by Shafarik that where there is a Slav woman there is also a song. Who can resist the appealing, melodious *prosim* of a Bohemian lady?

The Slovaks are little heard of, their position among the Magyars being rather precarious. Their version of 'Hej Slovane' resembles the Czech, with differences of spelling.

The Balkan countries, each with glorious memories of a great past, who have largely avenged the terrible field of Kossovo in 1389, have been long in the throes of organization and development under difficulties. The old principalities and their history, described by Mr. W. Miller, their historian, were forgotten by the great powers, and the modern states are all much less than a century old. Their hymns are very little known beyond their own borders, though their heroic ballads have been collected and translated by different scholars. The Serbs sing a martial poem by Prince Nicholas of Montenegro to an air by Davorin Jenek, 'Onam, onamo, za brda ona' ('There, over there, beyond the mountains').



Onam onamo za brda ona

The sixth verse mentions Jug Bogdan, Serbian deputy-ruler of a province, who, with his nine sons, fell at Kossovo fighting against the Turks under Amurath I. The last lines announce that only peace of soul will be won when the Serb is no longer a slave.

The Bulgarians, whose Slavonic tongue has been affected by Eastern as well as other European influences, have a martial song, 'Sumi Marica' ('Sounds the Maritsa') of four short verses, with the refrain—

March, march, our general, march,  
One, two, three, march, warriors ye!

This was first sung on the occasion of the battle of Slivnitsa, in 1886, when Prince Alexander of Battenberg, as general, was victorious over the Serbs. As originally sung 'Alexander' occurs instead of 'general.' Words by Marecek, music by G. Sebek.

Bordering on the Italian frontier are the Slovenes, inhabiting the valleys of Styria, Carinthia, and Carniola, and speaking an archaic Slav tongue. During the Napoleonic wars, Russian soldiers in Austria recognized these remote kinsmen. We offer a rendering of their hymn, 'Naprej zastava Slave.' Words by S. Jenek, air by D. Jenek.

On high the glorious standard, on, youthful  
hearts, engage!

Our cannon for the country peal forth in  
thund'rous rage.

In strong right hands our weapons, we storm  
upon the foes,

Our native land avenging, their blood in  
torrents flows.

Mother dear, I hear thee praying,

Round my neck thy fond arms laying,

Tear-drops from thine eyelids straying:

'Son beloved, faithful stand!'

Farewell, mother, God be o'er thee,

Native country, I adore thee,

Glory, honour,—ever for thee!

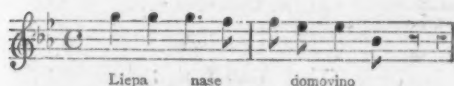
Rise to battle, save our land!

The Serbs of Lusatia, better known as Wends, are the smallest Slav people. With the rise of their Teutonic neighbours, after the Reformation and the Thirty Years Wars, the importance of the Wends dwindled. They sing H. Zejler's 'Hisce Serbstwo njezhubjene' ('Serbdom is not yet lost') to the Polish air already given. They have also 'Rjana Luzica' ('Beautiful Lusatia'), words by H. Zejler, air by K. A. Kocor, and 'Nase Serbstwo z procha stawa' ('Our Serbdom from the dust arose'), by M. Domasky, sung to a Polish air.

The last hymn we refer to is that of the Croats or Hrvaty, to which race Haydn



belonged, a fact that accounts for the cheery character of his melodies, as in the 'Creation.' The popular songs, judging by a collection we possess, run with a charming lilt. The language, written in Latin letters, is practically identical with Servian, written in Cyrillic, and the Croatian capital Zahreb (Agram) has long been a centre of culture for Southern Slavs. We append a translation of 'Liepa nase domovino.' Words by A. Mihanovic, composer unknown.



Beauteous is our fatherland,  
Land of noble souls, land for ever dear,  
May our grandsires' gallant deeds live  
Honoured evermore, far and near!  
Fondly, deeply, glorious country,  
Cherished in our hearts alone art thou;  
Dear to us the lowlands spread wide,  
Dear to us the grand mountain's brow!

Clear our skies, serene are our brows,  
Bosoms sound and good, nights replete with dew,  
Fine our summers, all our ways fine,  
Rapid waters bound, eyes flash true.  
Stately mountains, folks in plenty,  
Rosy faces shine and red wines glow,  
Mighty thunders, hear!—and mighty limbs, see!—  
By these tokens men our land know.

Keen sickles ply, the rustling scythe swings,  
There the grandsire old counts the sheaves with  
speed,  
On the broad field creak waggons with grain,  
There the spinning wives their children feed.  
Flocks in pasture; horns resounding  
Thrill through the land as night shades fall,  
Young folks, old folks, round the fires meet,  
'Lo, our fatherland, best of all!

Midst the shadows merry lights glow  
On the pleasant meads, cheerful meadows green,  
Hark, the minstrel's plaintive horn sounds,  
There the lover sings to tambourine.  
Lo, the *kolo*\*—gay, lively *kolo*,  
Tripping on the vale and mountain's side,  
Where young people dance in fresh glee,  
Brothers, this is home, our home of pride.

Mists are they that Una conceal? [cry?  
Whence that mournful sound, are those ours who  
What men now death's challenge must brave?  
Slaves or freemen, which, to live or die?  
Fight then, brothers, fight then, heroes,  
Muskets in your hands, your sabres wield,  
Saddle your steeds, and, footmen, advance!  
Glory waits for us on martial field.

Storms have passed, the mists away roll,  
See the dawn arise, daylight fills the sky,  
Weep no longer, let us rejoice,  
For the foes in dust defeated lie.  
Cheer thy spirits, mourning mother,  
Though some sons have died, a faithful band;  
Hearts Croatian, heroes all true,  
Bravely shed their blood for fatherland.

\* Servian National Dance.

Flow then, Savé, Dravé, speed far,  
Let not Danube's stream hold the upper hand,  
Onward sweeping, let the world know  
That the Croat loves his fatherland,  
While the glorious sunshine warms us,  
While the oaktrees stand the lightning's blows,  
Till we rest within the cold tomb,  
While a living heart within us glows.

## 'Dylan'

(Son of the Wave).

(By kind permission of

MR. JOSEPH HOLBROOKE).

'DYLAN' is a music drama in three acts, and is the second section of a Trilogy, the libretto by Mr. T. E. Ellis, and the music by Mr. Joseph Holbrooke. The principal themes of the drama provide the thematic material of this prelude, or, as it may be termed, Tone Poem, the composer's desire being that it should be so regarded. There is no need to give the story of the drama, but it may be said that it deals with Welsh legends, is of tragic character, and that the themes have been designed with special regard to the temperaments of the personages and the salient characteristics of the elements with which they are associated. Attention may also be called to the developed nature of the themes, in which respect they are unlike a great deal of the modern music now written.

Before pointing out the construction of the prelude, some peculiarities of the instrumentation should be mentioned, the composer writing for several seldom-used instruments to secure special effect of tone-colour. Amongst these instruments is a bass flute in G, made by Messrs. Rudall Carte. The downward compass of this instrument only extends to G below tenor C, but the large bore results in its possessing a distinctive tone. The cor-anglais (which is a tenor oboe), the bass clarinet and the contra-bassoon are now familiar to concert-goers, but the oboe d'amour is rarely written for, neither is the alto clarinet often heard in concert productions. The composer also employs a soprano, alto and tenor saxophone, largely used in French military bands. These may be described as brass clarinets, but possess a very distinctive tone quality. Another annexation from the military bands are four saxhorns, a soprano, baritone, bass and contra-bass, employed by Mr. Holbrooke on account of the rich softness of their tone, and the comparative ease with which chromatic passages can be played on them. The remainder of the brass consists of four horns, three trumpets in F, a bass trumpet in C, two trombones, euphonium and contra-bass trombone.

To procure a certain reed quality of tone, Mr. Holbrooke desires to have as many English concertinas as possible. Instead of a glockenspiel, the composer employs a tubaphone, an arrangement of small tubular bells, which can be tuned accurately.

The poetic basis of the prelude is a poem by Mr. Ellis, in which the winds, waves and wildfowl are personified, and speak in the first person concerning the expected coming of Dylan, 'son of the wave.' Each of these has its respective theme. There are also motive for Dylan, his enemy Govannion, who murders Dylan, and the sea king of Neptune.

#### Winds.

Let us sleep, the sun is shrinking  
Redly to his low rest slinking,  
And the pale moon grows.  
Through the dusk our faint breath goes  
Where like a wave the pale hill shows:  
Landward to the heath and snows,  
By coombe and pass and vale it blows  
Forest plain and mere.

#### Waves.

We are lonely in our playing  
Dylan comes not for our praying  
Useless is our toil.  
All the sea songs will not call him,  
On the land strange days befall him,  
On the sullen soil.  
Dylan! Dylan! Brother of the waves,  
Forget us not!  
Ye little rivers who run down to us  
Bring us some word,  
Ye rods of rain the gods send down to us  
Have surely heard  
Something of Dylan, brother of the waves.  
Oh ye dull shores who have no form of speech,  
Whose haggard silence we incessant teach,  
Tell us of him.  
Dylan the fair, the brother of all waves,  
The freeman of the waters of the world.

#### Winds.

Peace, brethren, peace!  
We have not laid our hands upon your heart.  
He whom ye mourn is gone from us apart;  
Let sadness cease.  
May be our sisters harsh and keen and light,  
Whose steps sweep swift about the mountain height,  
Or those stray wanderers of our race who drift  
Through the deep woods and make the still leaves shift  
To sudden speeches, have some news of him.

#### Waves.

Often at night we played between the tides  
In reed-hung caverns and enlaced his sides  
With a sea garment, or in our open place  
Wrestled with him in kindness. Of his grace  
Our swinging pleasure made a living pyre  
And tricked the whiteness of his limbs with fire.  
Knows he a better pleasure than our breast?  
Knows he a sweeter sleeping than our rest?  
Dylan, forget us not!

#### Wildfowl.

Whistling wing and firm stretched neck  
Midnight course that none shall check.  
What but the clouds are aware of us?  
What but the moon has the air of us?  
What but the wind has the care of us?  
Into the night we pass.

Black against the crimson sky  
Rise our columns wheeling.  
Where days glances faint on high  
The dim stars concealing,  
Sweep our squadrons lightly by  
To the night wind heeling.

Out and up; the broad lands bide  
Our nightly coming; far and wide  
The fenceless fields our favour wait.  
We know no bounds or grasp of fate.  
Earth and air and bridled sea  
Trouble us not for we go free,  
Marked of the stars if such may see  
And of none beside.  
Inland wing! with the night wind swing!  
Brethren scent the dawn!

(To be concluded).

### The Exhibition.

One of the unique features at the White City this summer has been the exhibition of violins, etc., by William Atkinson. His work can be seen in the second room on the left from the Wood Lane entrance, and it is well worth a visit and a trial.

### Our Music Folio.

Under this heading occasional reviews of music will appear.

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